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They Want My Soul



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Chapter 1 by Criz

They never said a word. Not who they are nor where they're from. A cold boorish gaze rest up on their face as their stare penetrated through my entire body. It was not a feeling I was ever familiar with. Not love, not awe; not anger nor jealousy. Yet it felt like each of them, at once, were exiting from my being. Magnificent colors poured out of me as if I was sliced open at the waist, flooding their craft with my life-force. And then it was over.

In a blink of an eye, they were gone and I lay collapsed and confused as would a drunk. The groggy feeling passed and I was able to regain my feet, the confusion however would not pass. Still stuck on the thought that all of this had to be another quarrel of mine with the bottle. I did again, didn't I?

What happened last night felt all too real to be just another drunken stupor in a line of many. But if it was real, why me? Surely I'm not important enough to warrant a... whatever-that-was, could I?

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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